

2Pac Lyrics

"Against All Odds"

To my niggas that went out in line on duty
21-gun salute! One love, one thug, one nation
(Let's get down, let's do this!)
21-gun salute! (Come on, yeah, let's do this!)
21-gun salute! (Come on, come on, let's do this!)
All the time I be...

Hopin' my true motherfuckers know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote
Against all odds, up in the studio gettin' blown
To the truest shit I ever spoke

21-gun salute, dressed in fatigues, black jeans and boots
Disappeared in the crowd, all you seen was troops
This little nigga named Nas think he live like me
Talking 'bout he left the hospital, took five like me
You live in fantasies, nigga, I reject your deposit
We shook Dre punk ass, now he out of the closet
Mobb Deep wonder why a nigga blowed 'em out
Next time grown folks talk, nigga, close your mouth!

Peep me, I take this war shit deeply
Done seen too many real players fall
To let these bitch niggas beat me
Puffy, let's be honest, you a punk
Or you will see me with gloves

Remember that shit you said to Vibe about me being a thug?
And you can tell the people you roll with whatever you want
But you and I know what's goin' on
Payback, I knew you bitch niggas from way back
Witness me strapped with MAC's, knew I wouldn't play that
All you old rappers tryin' to advance
It's all over now, take it like a man
Niggas lookin' like Larry Holmes, flabby and sick
Tryin' to player hate on my shit, you eat a fat dick
Let it be known, this is how you made me
Lovin' how I got you niggas crazy

Against all odds, hopin' my thug motherfuckers know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote
Against all odds, up in the studio, gettin' blown
To the truest shit I ever spoke, against all odds
Hopin' my true motherfuckers know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote

I heard he was light skinned, stocky, with a Haitian accent
Jewelry, fast cars and he's known for flashin'
Listen while I take you back and lace this rap
A real live tale about a snitch named Haitian Jack
Knew he was workin' for the feds
Same crime, different trials, nigga, picture what he said

And did I mention?
Promised to payback, Jimmy Henchman, in due time
I know you bitch niggas is listenin', the world is mine
Set me up, wet me up, niggas stuck me up
Heard the guns bust, but you tricks never shut me up
Touch one of mine, on everything I love
I'll destroy everything you touch
Play the game, nigga; all out warfare, eye for eye
Last words to a bitch nigga: "Why you lie?"
Now you gotta watch your back, now watch your front
Here we come, gunshots to Tut, now you stuck
Fuck the rap game, nigga, this M.O.B
So believe me, we enemies, I go against all odds

I'm hopin' my true motherfuckers know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote
Against all odds, up in the studio, gettin' blowed
To the truest shit I ever spoke
I'm hopin' my true motherfuckers know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote, against all odds

Puffy gettin' bribed like a bitch, to hide that fact
He did some shit he shouldn't have did, so we ridin' for that
And that nigga that was down for me, restin' dead
Switched sides, guess his new friends wanted him dead
Probably be murdered for the shit that I said
I bring the real, be a legend, breathin' or dead
Lord, listen to me, God don't like ugly, it was written
Ayo, Nas, your whole damn style is bitten
You heard my melody, read about my life in the papers
All my run-ins with authorities, felonious capers
Now you wanna live my life
So what's a "hasa", Nas? Niggas that don't rhyme right
You've seen too many movies
Load 'em up against the wall, close his eyes
Since you lie you die; goodbye!
Let the real live niggas hear the truth from me
What would you do if you was me? Nigga

Hopin' my true motherfuckers know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote
Against all odds, up in the studio gettin' blowed
To the truest shit I ever spoke
Against all odds, hopin' my true motherfuckers know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote
Against all odds, up in the studio gettin' blowed
To the truest shit I ever spoke, against all odds

21-gun salute, one love to my true thug niggas
(Outlaw! Outlaw! Outlaw!)
21-gun salute to my niggas that die in the line of duty
Representin' to the fullest, being soldiers with military minds
That play the rules of the game, 21-gun salute
I salute you, my niggas, stay strong
I ride for you, I rhyme for you, I roll for you, it's all for you
To all you bitch made niggas, I'm comin' for you

Against all odds, I don't care who the fuck you is
You touch me I'm at you
I know you motherfuckers didn't think I forgot
Hell nah, I ain't forgot, nigga
I just remember what you told me
You said don't go to war unless I got my money right
I got my money right now, now I want war

Thanks to the personal account for correcting these lyrics.

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